FLOREAT ETONA
FLOREAT FLOREBIT
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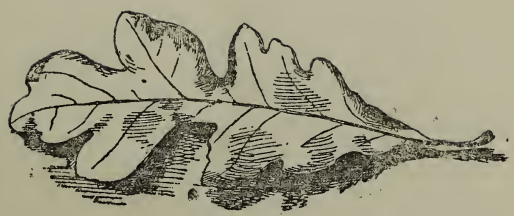
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT DREAM.

E. V. B.

[Hon. Mrs Brown]



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1887.

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PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN,

In the Guildhall, Windsor, Nov. 24th, 1887.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN,

THIS FRAGMENT FROM THE HISTORY OF A GOLDEN YEAR

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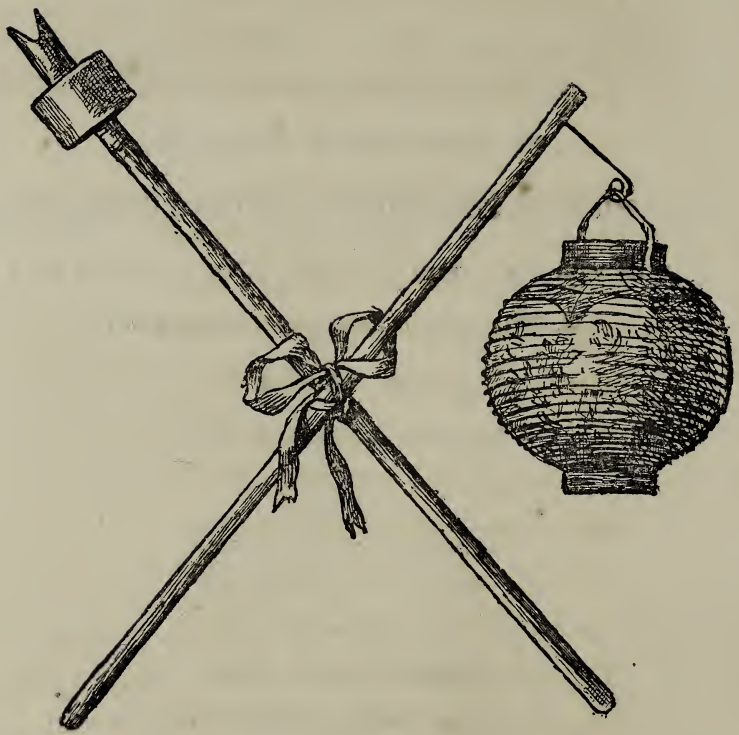
DEVOTIOR.



Huic praescribere paginae volenti
Nomenque et titulos tuos benigno
Arridens animo mihi annuisti.
His ergo auspiciis eat libellus:
His fretus meritis superbiores,
Quos demens cupit, audeat volatus.
Sed quando ingenio tuo relucens
Musarumque amor et decora virtus
Matris redditur, ut rubebat olim
Nostrae luce facis domus avitae
Turris regia, laude prosequemur
Semper te simili parique honore.
Tecum, quot pueros Etona nutrit,
Tecum Britones utriusque ponti
Dignam perpetuo colent amore
Reginam specimenque feminarum
Et nostram pariter tuamque matrem.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT DREAM.

LONG, long, shall we remember it, the Jubilee week of 1887. The days of golden splendour, the cloudless starry nights! Unforgotten must it ever be, the day of the 21st June, whose sun shone gloriously upon the magnificence of the Queen's progress from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, through the, in another sense, not less magnificent display of her loyal millions crowding and crushing and cramming the streets to welcome her. Remembered long must be the night which certified its burning record of linked bonfires from end to end of our land.

Never was there so grand and unanswerable an answer given to the cavillings of Socialism; never did Separatism and all other unloyal creeds shrink back into their own narrow mean domain so visibly as on that happy day. The police arrangements were admirable; the military

guarding the streets did their duty. But not these, beyond praise though their conduct was, not these alone protected the Queen and forbade the faintest sign of interruption to the universal rejoicing. It was the mighty multitudes who surrounded her,—packed close along the whole line of streets through which she passed, it was the enthusiastic love and devotion of her people, that were her safeguards. Well they knew it,—any miscreants that might be lurking undetected in the crowd,—that their presence would not be tolerated, that their lives would pay for the least attempt to mar the gladness of that day. London was beautiful throughout the long sunny hours of the 21st of June. Beautiful in the golden sunshine, and beautiful still in the clear darkness of the night that followed, when the streets were bright as day, glittering with many-coloured lamps and with illuminations of all kinds upon every house, and gay with wandering groups of happy sight-seers. London never looked so gay, never wore an aspect of such brilliant gladness. The dusky town put off for once the ugliness which is her reproach, and robed herself in festal grace. The decorations may not have been always in good taste, but what did that matter? People had done their best; there was colour and plenty of it; and the mottoes and the flags and the scarlet draperies all seemed to shine and glow with the feeling that prompted their display. Garlands hanging

across the streets from roofs and upper windows swung to and fro in the light summer wind. Fresh flowers of the field and garden, decked in lavish profusion the front of clubs and private houses. Banners flew from every house-top; there was no stint of crimson and white hangings on the balconies. The streets with their decorations gave the impression of some great foreign town *en fête*. But there was nothing else un-English in the scene! There was much loveliness of contrast in the foliaged background of the green park; the trees clad in all the verdure of young summer leaves, with a glitter of scarlet and gold as the royal pageant in stately pride slowly passed along Piccadilly. More striking still was the *coup d'œil*, when returning, the sun glanced back from the Life Guards' helmets and silver cuirasses and burned upon the gorgeous uniforms and trappings, glancing half hid, half seen, between green branches as the procession went down Constitution Hill. The picture was full of most brilliant life and colour. But what were all these without the well-ordered mob for their setting? those black rejoicing masses, lining the streets from end to end of the Queen's triumphal course! What were all the military bands whose strains the ear caught ever and anon from points far off or near, what were all their gay heart-stirring music, to the sound of the people's jubilate when the Queen appeared in sight? It was

well worth waiting (as we did) six hours—or sixty !—to hear that sound once in a lifetime! Like the rushing wind amid the branches of some great forest, like the thunder of tempest-driven waves of the ocean, onward and onward the tumultuous acclaim broke forth all along the line as she passed on her way. And far back where only distant glimpses could be obtained, and on high among the lofty roofs where men were clinging to the tallest chimney stacks, and from the midst of the leafy trees where they swarmed as thick as bees, the long echoes of their shouting thrilled through the sunlit air until lost in distance. No wonder that the Mother of her people was pleased and deeply touched; no wonder that the tears ran down her face, as it is said, before she entered the Abbey gates.

But it is not of London's Jubilee, unparalleled as this was in its grandeur and its triumph, that we have now to speak. The day after, June the 22nd, the Queen received another greeting of quite another kind, within the courts of her own home at Windsor Castle. Fortunate are the few, who having witnessed it, can ever after bear in remembrance the Torch Dance of the Eton Boys. The idea of this Torchlight Procession had been entertained by the Head Master for some weeks before, but doubts were felt as to whether torches could be obtained suitable for boys to carry. The difficulty was got over by Mr. Brock, (Pyrotechnist of the Crystal

Palace), and a torch, burning paraffin, giving a bright light and emitting no sparks, was manufactured by him. The drill and movements were invented and elaborated by the Head Master. But practise was necessary. For this purpose the whole School had to be divided into companies, the Volunteers forming the nucleus. After the first two or three preliminary drills, the meaning of the whole became plain, and all worked with a will. The first rehearsal shewed that that which had been deemed impossible was possible; and so with the help of intelligence and goodwill, the manœuvres, somewhat intricate and difficult even for practised troops, were performed without a hitch or mistake by the almost un-drilled companies of the boys. Then, late one afternoon, one of the Eton Masters, Mr. Ainger, sat down and wrote off a jubilee song for the boys to sing to the Queen, and Mr. Barnby, receiving it early next morning before he was up, immediately set to work and composed the tune, which was in the printers' hands the same morning by 8 a.m.

From first to last there was what may be called a fine enthusiasm about the whole thing;—an enthusiasm indeed, which more or less characterized the Jubilee everywhere. The whole plan was carefully perfected and prepared for execution; the Boys themselves caught fire, threw themselves at once into the spirit of it, and the thing was done.

About 9 p.m. in the warm dark night that followed the morrow of the longest day, a small crowd of those persons who had obtained leave to enter the Quadrangle of the Castle—gathering at first by twos and threes and then in larger numbers—were admitted within the gate. There we waited for a space; the dim empty square lay before us surrounded by the Castle walls, the darkness pierced with lighted windows here and there, and a long line of light where the Queen's corridor runs. On the right, stood up like a great rock, the shadowy blackness of the Round Tower. It was not for long, yet waiting thus in the darkness we grew somewhat weary..... On a sudden, faint tones began to stir the air. Scarce five minutes since the first notes came dimly from afar, or so it seemed, the tramp of feet and the echo of horses' hoofs and the beat of drums, were almost in our midst, and the bands of the Horse Guards and Coldstreams were marching rapidly past, followed by the vanguard of the torchlight army. On streamed the river of fire, smooth and swift without a break or hesitation. First came the grey Volunteers, then ten companies clad in white and blue alternately. On swept the slim swift figures; and as they passed the fiery glow fell strongly on each youthful eager face. I question whether any country in Europe could muster such an army as our Queen that night reviewed! Then, to those who saw it as we

did, standing in the Quadrangle on the same level, there followed a wild scene of strange, weird power. Amid quick tossing of a flaming sea of torches and milder-shining paper lanterns, to strains of "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," the boys formed and re-formed, showing in lines of light the V.R., or breaking into the Union Jack, or the Rose of England. And ever through the smoke and glare of flaring cressets, their banner floated and waved before the window whence Her Majesty looked forth. The martial music clanged and pealed, and mingling with the sweetness of young voices made the night ring with loyal joy, as the boys stood there in burning row, singing to their Queen with a sort of boyish confidence that was simply charming, the good old favourite school songs. There was the "Eton Boating Song," beginning—

"Jolly boating weather,
With a hay-harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees;
Swing, swing together
With our bodies between our knees."

and "Carmen Etonense," and Mr. Ainger's jubilee song, "Victoria our Queen." I cannot say that we, standing in the crowd, distinctly made out the various evolutions; but towards the close as we moved up nearer with the rest, their meaning was better

understood. And here, Dr. Warre permits me to use his own words, describing the last movement:—"The last manœuvre was the advance of the whole body in close column at the double. Then the bugle sounded and the great mass of flame stood still. There was a pause of perfect silence, and after the pause, suddenly upon the silence broke the music of "Post lustra Decem," with a very solemn, almost religious effect. Then the boys sang the same with every torch and every hand uplifted and every face looking upward to the Queen, followed by three times three tremendous bursts of cheering." And when those nine hundred boys cheered as only Eton boys can cheer, while "God save the Queen" was played, there were few I fancy, present, who felt not their heart stirred within them.

Then, the Queen, with the Duke of Cambridge, and the Royal Family, came down into the quadrangle, and and when there fell a sudden calm and stillness we knew that the Queen was speaking; we could hear the tones of her voice as she spoke to the boys in her gracious way, saying to them, "I sincerely thank you for this beautiful sight." After that, she desired that the School should march past. Chairs were brought and the Queen sat there, and she again thanked each company as they passed her.

And this was the order of the march past. The whole column retired *en masse* to the western end of the

quadrangle, and then advanced, and to the old well-loved tune of "Auld lang Syne," marched past in fours; company after company uncoiling itself, as it were, from the dense mass of the column, and following on in a long winding trail of light. And thus the torchlight procession departed and left the quadrangle in darkness.

And here, by way of a little parenthesis, it may be recorded that the Queen, after the cheering, had sent for the Head Master and desired him to thank the boys for her. And then immediately, she said, "But I must thank them myself." And so she went down to the quadrangle. Also, that "Post lustra, &c.,"—both the words and music,—were composed by the Head Master in a dream, during the anxious time of planning and working out the details of the torchlight ovation, is a fact that will be curiously interesting to many.

We had watched the flag in a halo of fiery smoke waving away under the arch of King William the IV's gateway, and still we stayed there gazing as if spell-bound, until the last torches had disappeared and the glow-worm lights which had written or meant to write Good Night on the steep and slippery Tower slope had broken up and passed in twinkling confusion. And not until a Silhouette, which during almost all the time had been seen traced in shadow against the background of a lighted window in the Queen's corridor had reappeared and again had finally departed, did the little crowd

begin to move away, all glowing with the consciousness of having beheld a scene as beautiful as it was of its kind entirely unique.

But the tale of dream-fires, which turned into day that wondrous night, had not yet been told. A sudden light began to spread wide overhead, and we saw the Round Tower with all its battlements aflame and traced in crimson fire. And then we made our way down through the iron gate to the thronged North Terrace, and there, from the Home Park below, rockets were flying skywards, scattering in mid-heaven into firmaments of emerald and ruby, while globes of living fire seemed to sail up amidst the stars. For me, since the way home lay down Windsor Hill and through the long Eton street, I witnessed a feast of lanterns, a dream of the Arabian nights, which in the magic of its mystic brilliance ceases not to haunt the memory. The very street, undisturbed by wheels,—since no carts or carriages were allowed to pass until after twelve o'clock—seemed unreal and strangely wide, while the illuminations made of them a wonderland of coloured light. At that midnight hour there was no crowding, no undue noise nor haste of any kind. Men and women walked silently in hushed groups, or stood apart in the middle of the way. The sense of unreality was intensified as I thus traversed alone, near the dead of night, that fairy mile of splendour under the tall arches

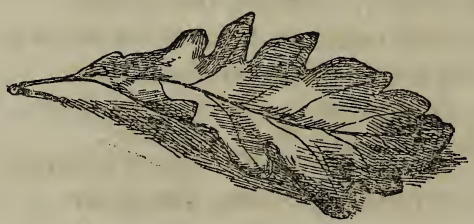
that spanned the street in such unwonted fashion, passing on between wreathed festoons of sparkling lamps hanging like strings of jewels from the double colonnade of Venetian masts—red, blue, and white—and on either, hand the familiar shops and houses all transformed into an illuminated page from the thousand and one nights. The walls of houses, which in the light of common day might be deemed mean enough, were now concealed behind flowers and flags and flying fish of Japanese lanterns. Nearer to the College itself, many a legend, writ in Latin as befits the learned precinct, and done in silver letters on pale blue hung over the doors and windows. Upon a master's house, standing a little aside from the street and facing the river and the Castle, traced in big letters made of many coloured lamps, a brilliant scroll beamed conspicuous amongst the rest. The words were taken from Isaiah xlix, 23, "Queens our nursing mothers." The mouldings round the College windows retired behind the line of lime trees, were outlined with fire, and a faint radiance from the last range of festooned lamps in Eton High Street fell dreamily among the leaves. Beyond, flames caged in iron cressets flared upon the ancient gateway which had been constructed "for the triumphal passage of Her Majesty through the loyal College of Eton, during the celebration of her Jubilee." The lighted houses became fewer and more far between, and soon the limits of illumination

were reached. Then, as I drove homewards across the open country, looking back to Windsor there arose a new glory poised above the low horizon. The great Round Tower shone down resplendent, crowned with an imperial diadem of silver light! In the serene gloom of the summer night the shining of these throned stars seemed grand in an extreme degree. For miles around, the broad plain lay lost in night, dominated thus by the crowned tower from its airy height. One long ray of light travelled on afar, and rested who knows where? Perchance at last it peered through the little casement of some lowliest dweller on the plain below, or waked too soon tired butterflies asleep in the rich green of the growing barley fields.....

And now midsummer is past and gone; the golden moon once more reigns sovereign of the night, and all our flags are down. But many a moon shall come and go, 'ere memory's record shall grow dim and we forget the sun-bright glories and the moonless visions of June the 21st and 22nd, 1887.

E. V. B.

July 5th, 1887.



BOATING SONG.

Jolly boating weather,
With a hay-harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees;
Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees.
(*Chorus*) Swing, swing together,
With our bodies between our knees.

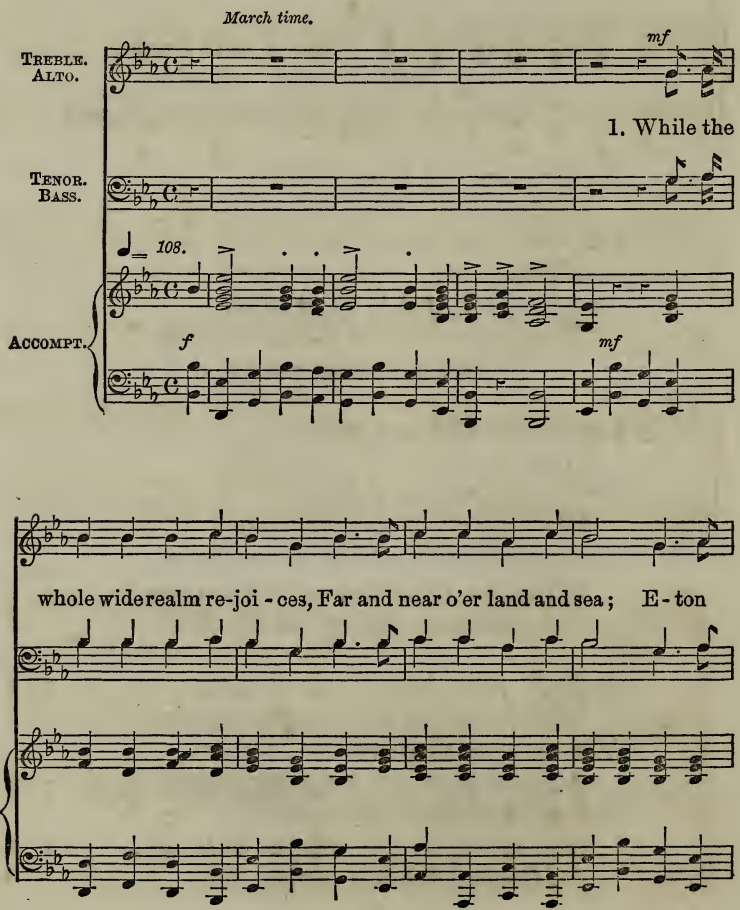
Rugby may be more clever,
Harrow may make more row;
But we'll row together
Steady from stroke to bow;
And nothing in life shall sever
The charm that is round us now.
(*Chorus*) Swing, swing, &c.

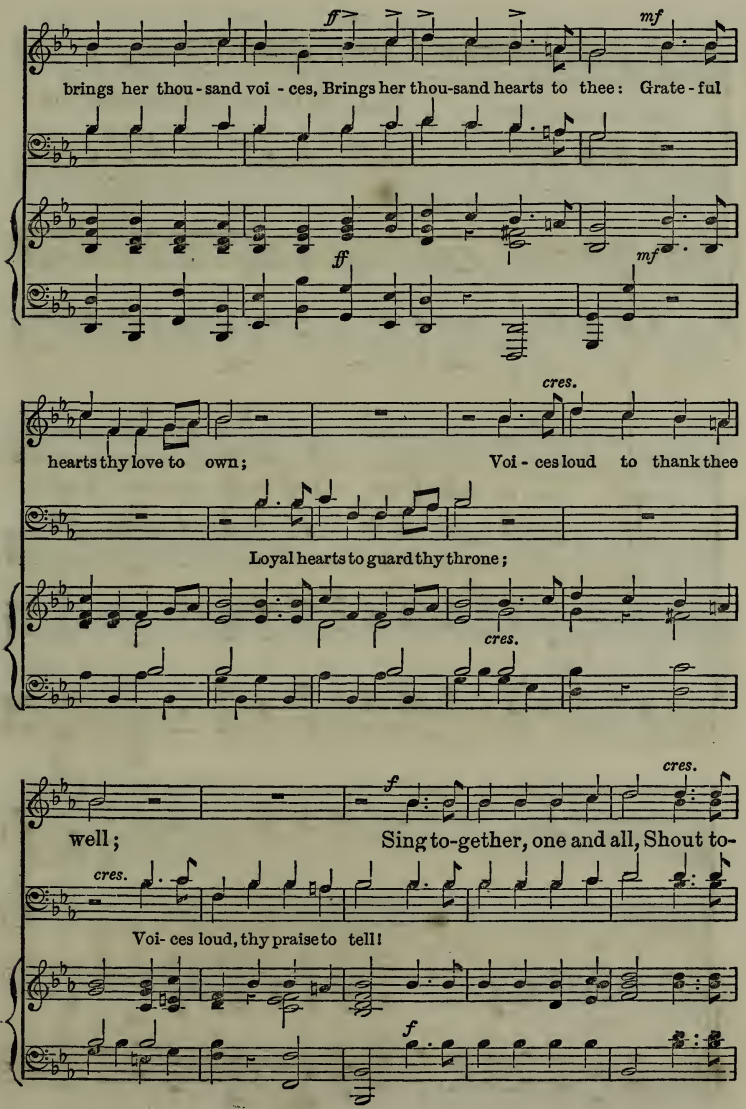
Others will fill our places,
Drest in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag prove true;
And youth will be still in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.
(*Chorus*) Swing, swing, &c.

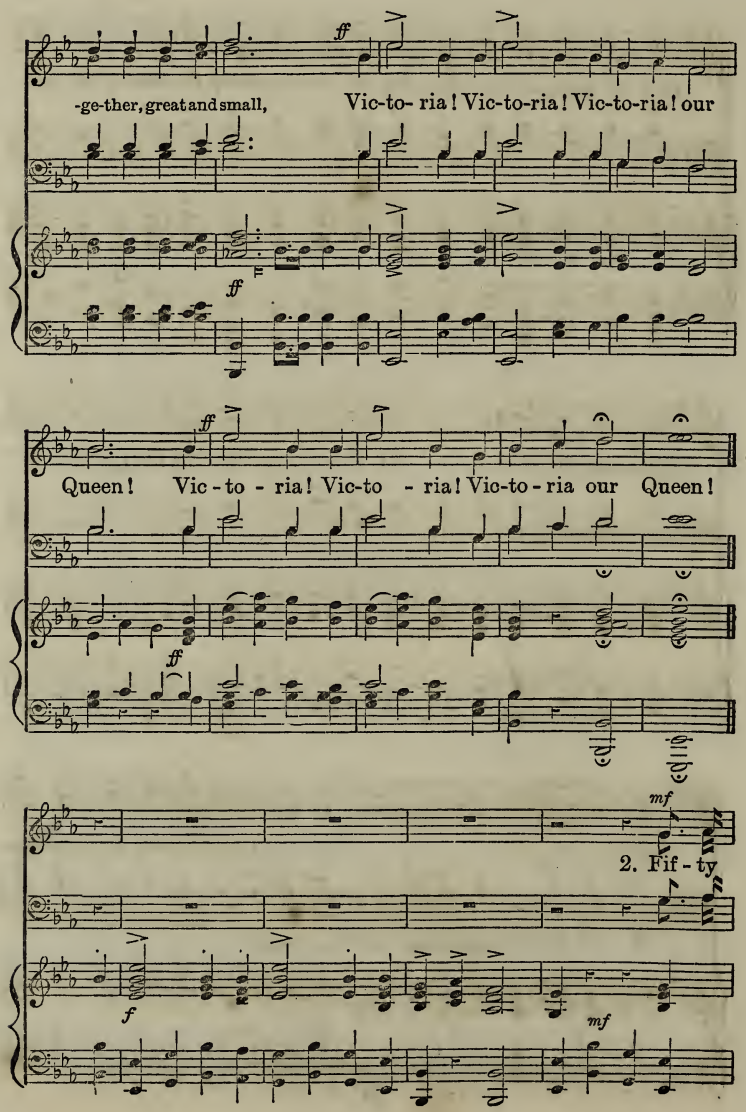
Twenty years hence this weather
Will tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather
And seem to the boys old fools:
But we'll still swing together
And swear by the best of Schools.
(*Chorus*) Swing, swing, &c.

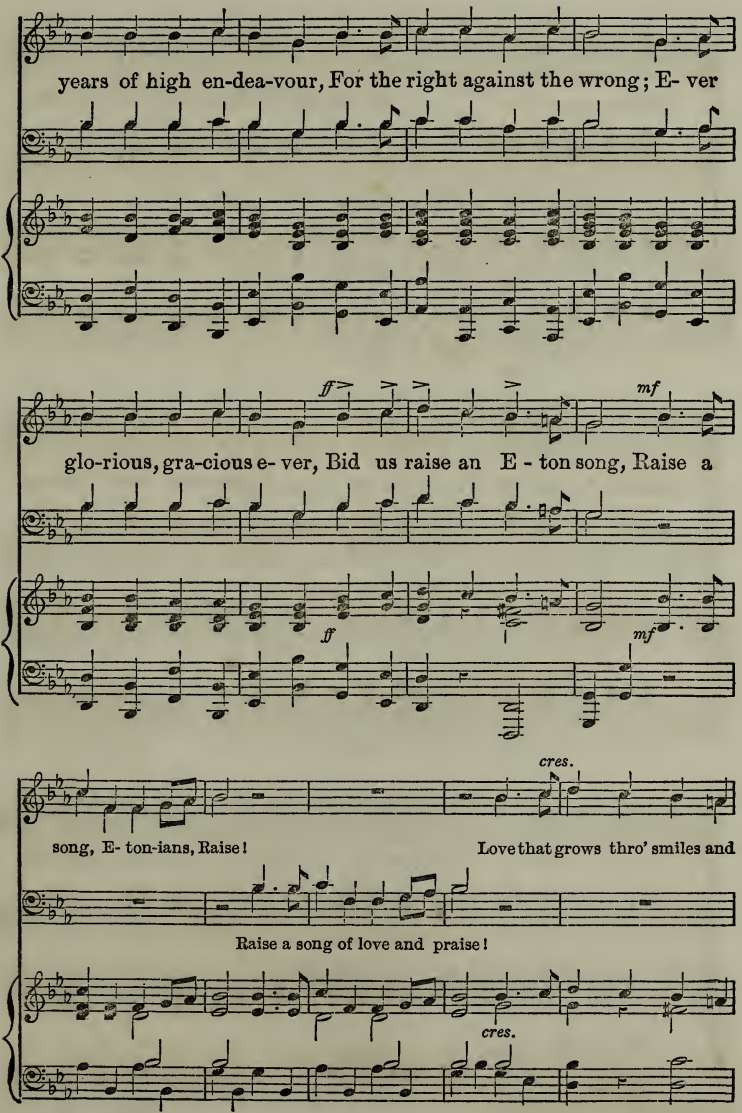
Victoria—Our Queen!

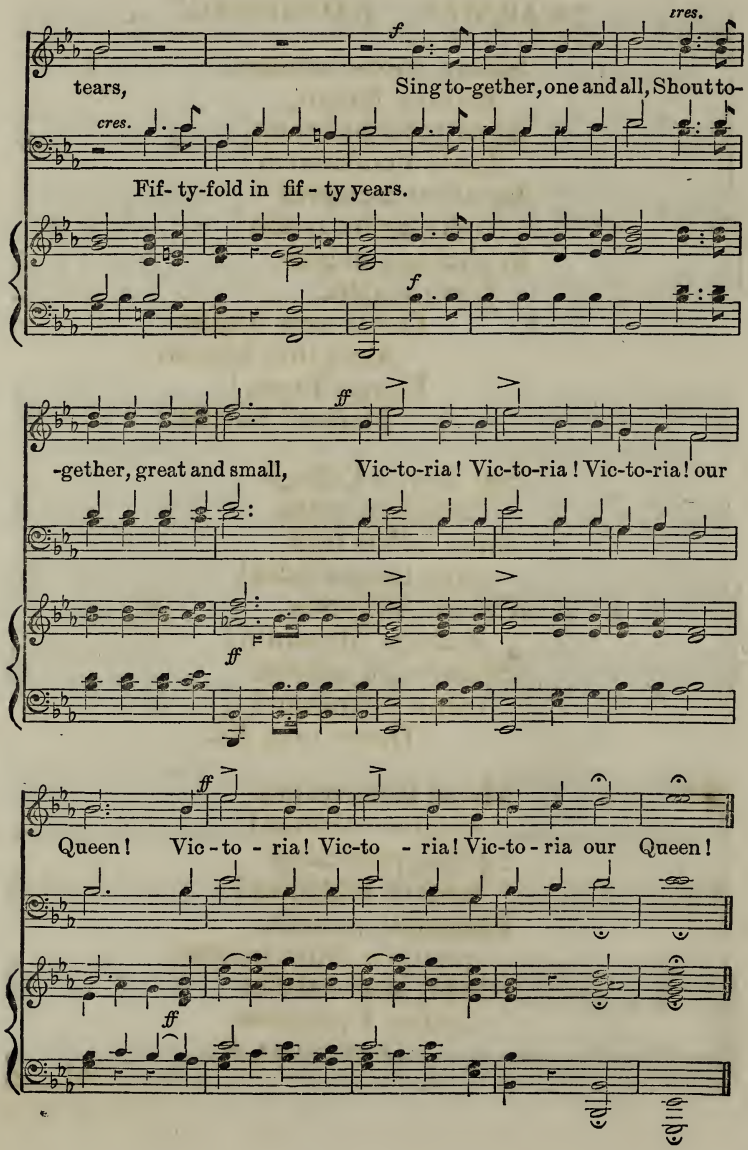
A. C. Ainger. J. Barnby.




ff
mf
brings her thou-sand voi-ces, Brings her thou-sand hearts to thee: Grate-ful
ff
mf
cres.
hearts thy love to own;
Voi-ces loud to thank thee
Loyal hearts to guard thy throne;
cres.
cres.
f
well;
Sing to-gether, one and all, Shout to-
cres.
Voi-ces loud, thy praise to tell!
f


ff
-ge-ther, great and small,
Vic-to- ria! Vic-to-ria! Vic-to-ria! our
ff
ff
Queen! Vic - to - ria! Vic-to - ria! Vic-to - ria our Queen!
ff
mf
2. Fif - ty
f
mf


years of high en-dea-vour, For the right against the wrong; E- ver
ff
mf
glo-rious, gra-cious e- ver, Bid us raise an E - ton song, Raise a
ff
mf
cres.
song, E- ton-ians, Raise!
Love that grows thro' smiles and
Raise a song of love and praise!
cres.


cres.
f
tears,
Sing to-gether, one and all, Shout to-
cres.
Fif- ty-fold in fif - ty years.
f
ff
-gether, great and small,
Vic-to-ria! Vic-to-ria! Vic-to-ria! our
ff
ff
Queen! Vic - to - ria! Vic-to - ria! Vic-to - ria our Queen!
ff

"CARMEN ETONENSE."

Sonent voces omnium
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.
Donec oras Angliæ
Alma lux, fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit.

Stet domus Collegii
disciplinæ sedes,
donec amnis regii
unda lambet ædes!
Crescat diligentia
studium Musarum!
crescat cum scientia
cultus litterarum!
Donec oras, &c.

Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus!
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras, &c.

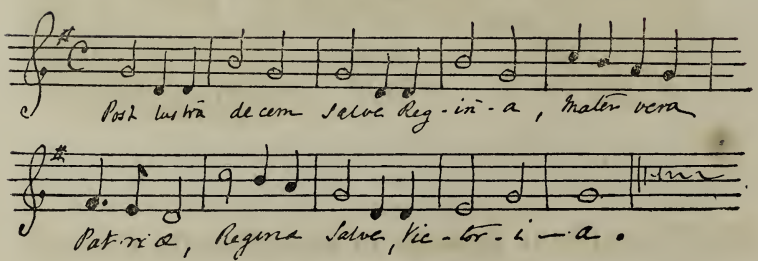
POST LUSTRA DECEM

SALVE REGINA.

MATER VERA PATRIÆ

REGINA SALVE

VICTORIA.



The Gateway constructed for

The Triumphant Passage of Her Majesty through Her Loyal College of Eton.

TORCH-LIGHT MANŒUVRES.

The School will form in the Lower Castle Yard and there light torches and lanterns.

The Bands will form in front. Then the Volunteer Corps. Then the School Torches, Companies 1 to 4. Then the Lantern Companies 5 to 10 inclusive.

On entering the Quadrangle at the North-west corner *the Bands will wheel to the left*, and take up position on North side of Quadrangle under St. George's Hall.

The leading company of Volunteers will *wheel to the right* till square with the base of the Quadrangle, and then they will *form quarter column* on the march to the front. The quarter column, when *the front company is half company distance from the flag which marks the centre* for the manœuvres, will be *wheeled to the right*, *halt*, *aud then open out to half column from No. 2.*

Torches. 1st Company, white, when the rear company of the Volunteers has moved into column, will wheel to its left and move in a line parallel to St. George's Hall, till it passes the flank of the Volunteers by 10 paces. It will *then wheel to the right*, and form the East face of the frame in which the letters V R will be set by the Volunteers.

Torches. 2nd Company, blue, will move straight across the Quadrangle to the South side, and when clear by ten paces of the right flank of the Volunteers, will *wheel to the left* and form the South side of the frame.

Torches. 3rd Company white, will move on in fours till within 10 paces of the rear of the Volunteers, when it will wheel to the right and halt, forming West side of frame.

Torches. 4th Company, blue, will wheel to the left, passing along parallel to St. George's Hall, halting when abreast of the column of Volunteers, and form the North side of frame.

N.B.—There is a stone drain round the Quadrangle which will be useful as a guiding line to the Lantern Companies on the flanks.

Lanterns. No. 1 *Company, white*, will move across the Quadrangle to the South side, and wheel to the left when 10 paces clear of left flank of No. 2 Torches, forming South side of outer frame.

Lanterns. No. 2 *Company, blue*, wheeling to left, will move along in a line parallel to St. George's Hall, 10 paces in rear of No. 4 Torches, and when 10 paces clear of the inner flank of No. 1 Torches, wheel to the right and form East side of outer frame.

Lanterns. No. 3 *Company, white*, will follow No. 2, but halt 10 paces in rear of No. 4 Torches, forming North side of frame.

Lanterns. No. 4 *Company* will wheel to the right ten paces in rear of No. 3 Torches, and form West side of frame.

Lanterns Nos. 5 & 6 will not enter the Quadrangle, but move on to the Slope of the Round Tower, under Mr. Wintle and Mr. Hare, and there be disposed ready to form letters as further ordered.

BANDS. Bands play a march while the Boys are marching in and column being formed. Cease playing when column is formed and all steady.

1*st Movement.* Formation of Letters V R. Signal for the beginning of this movement, Bands beginning "God Save the Queen."

Volunteers.

1. A Company right about turn, left wheel, ¼ circle.
2. B Company front rank, right wheel, ¼ circle. Rear rank right about turn, close on C.
3. C Company front rank stand fast, rear rank right-about turn, by half-companies left wheel.
4. D Company stand fast, right flank wheel slightly forward, left flank back and curve.

Bands play, and Boys sing "God Save the Queen." Then three cheers. After that re-form column.

Song..."Eton Boating Song." After a pause, Band plays Boating Song. When Boating Song finished, a pause, and then Band plays a march, during which takes place

2*nd Movement.* Formation of Rose. Lantern Companies in centre.

Detail :—No. 1 Lantern Company fours towards the East,
2 „ „ towards the North,
3 „ „ towards the West,
4 „ „ towards the South,
sides of the Quadrangle. That is, if properly fronting inwards, all fours right.

All Torch Companies form fours in the opposite direction to the nearest Lantern Company, and wheel to the left-about to take up ground vacated by it.

Lantern Companies wheel onwards, and march towards flag in centre, and when within five paces *wheel about to their left*, closing in towards the centre of their own circle.

N.B.—A marker should be detached from each Company, with a Lantern, whilst the last verse of the Boating song is being sung, and take up his position *six paces* from central flag *on diagonal line* of square. The Adjutant and Sergeant-Major to attend to the dressing of these points. The Companies will wheel in fours and close round these points.

N.B.—The Band will begin all the marches with the five-paced roll, which will act as the *caution ;* Companies stepping off, *as the march itself begins*, without further word of command.

Volunteers. A to its front, taking up ground vacated by No. 2 Torches, blue.
D retire, take up ground vacated by No. 4 Torches blue.
B fours right, left wheel, and then right wheel, on to ground vacated by No. 3 Torches, white, halt, right-about turn.
C fours left, left wheel, and then right wheel, taking up ground vacated by No. 1 Torches, white.

When Rose formed march ceases, Band plays, and Boys sing "VICTORIA OUR QUEEN." Then three cheers ; after the cheers, Bands play and Boys sing "CARMEN ETONENSE." When the "CARMEN" is finished, Bands play a march for

3rd movement. Formation of *Union Jack.*

Detail. The four companies will move out of centre, and pass to their old ground on the outer front and rear and flanks.
No. 1, past right flank of A.
No. 2, past right flank of C.
No. 3, past right flank of D.
No. 4, past right flank of B.

As soon as Lantern companies are clear, Volunteer companies will right wheel to form diagonals of "Union Jack." (N.B.—Ranks must open out 1 side pace.)

All Torch companies, when the movement begins, will form fours, No. 1 to the South, No. 2 to the West, No. 3 to the North, No. 4 to the East ; or in other words, supposing them to be fronting properly inwards, fours left. As soon as Lantern companies are within five paces of their rear they will step off, wheeling about to their right and then again, when square with the centre, to their left, moving inwards to form half diameter of square on their respective sides, halting within five paces of the centre, and remaining in fours.

SONG.....'' Rule Britannia."

4th movement. Bands play a march. Form column, Volunteers in centre, in quarter column.

No. 2 and 4. Torches Blue, march straight out and wheeling right and left respectively, halt on flank of column, in fours.

No. 1 and 3. Torches White, fours inwards right wheel. Clearing inner flank of Volunteers, and wheeling so as to join the rear of 4 and 2 respectively, rear fours covering the two Companies, thus forming a column of fours between the Volunteers and the Lantern Companies. Lanterns stand fast during this movement.

Volunteers, files, inwards turn. Reform column.

A right wheel
C left wheel
B left wheel
D right wheel

} Quick March. The Companies passing each other left shoulder to left shoulder.

5th movement. Bands play a march. Column will retire. Quick march. Column retire nearly to Fountain. When the column halts, the Lantern Companies will move on and form in rear of Volunteers.

Lantern No. 2, fours right, when clear of front, left wheel, and follow No. 3 into column.
Lantern No. 3, fours right.
Lantern No. 4, remain steady.
Lantern No. 1, fours left move round in rear of all the Companies, and wheel into Column in rear of No. 2.

6*th movement.* Advance and charge. Bands play double march. Volunteers in column in centre.

No. 2 and 1, Torches on right flank in column of fours.

No. 3 and 4, Torches on left flank in column of fours.

Lanterns in column of Companies in rear. Advance in double time. The moment the Bands cease playing, halt, and remain perfectly steady and silent. A pause of absolute silence, during which Torches and Lanterns all raised high.

SONG..." Post Lustra decem."

Three times three cheers while the Bands play "God save the Queen."

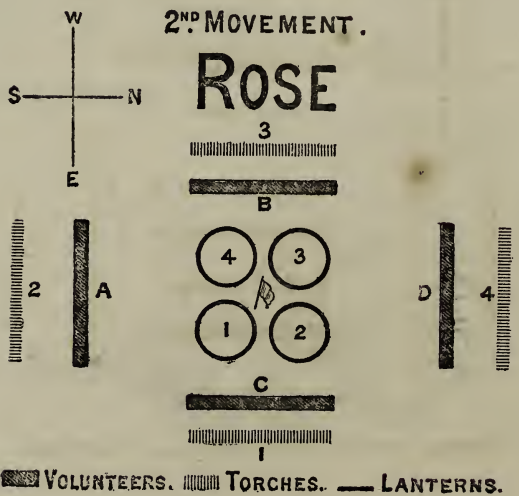
7*th movement.* Retire. Lanterns leading in column, who will halt when they come to fountain. Bands cross the Quadrangle and form up near King William IV.'s Gateway. Column halt. Volunteers lead in fours out of Quadrangle, followed by Torch Companies and Lantern Companies in rear.

No. 5 *and* 6 *Lantern Companies*, while the last movement is going on, will pick out on the slope of the Round Tower the words, GOOD NIGHT, and will form and follow in the rear of the lantern companies as soon as they leave the quadrangle.

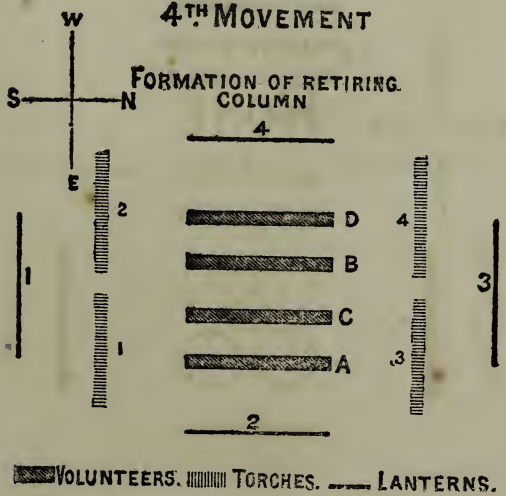
N.B.—The detached company of lanterns who have been giving points during the movements will retire when the column retires in the fifth movement, and will remain drawn up at the fountain. As soon as the last torch company leaves the quadrangle they will follow at the head of the lantern companies.

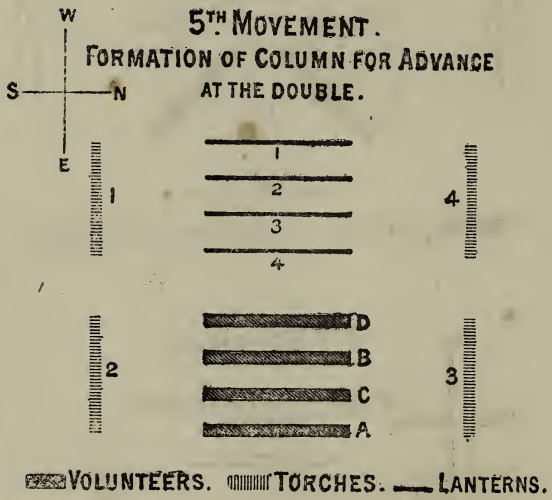
June 18, 1887. EDMOND WARRE.

W
S
N
E
1st MOVEMENT.
V.R.
4
3
1
2
A
B
C
D
4
3
1
2
VOLUNTEERS. TORCHES. LANTERNS.


W
S
N
E
2nd MOVEMENT.
ROSE
3
B
2
A
4
3
1
2
D
4
C
1
VOLUNTEERS. TORCHES. LANTERNS.

3RD MOVEMENT.
UNION JACK.
W
S
N
E
4
3
B
D
1
2
4
3
A
1
C
2
VOLUNTEERS. TORCHES. LANTERNS.


4TH MOVEMENT
FORMATION OF RETIRING COLUMN
W
S
N
E
4
2
D
4
1
B
3
C
1
A
3
2
VOLUNTEERS. TORCHES. LANTERNS.


W
S
N
E
5TH MOVEMENT.
FORMATION OF COLUMN FOR ADVANCE
AT THE DOUBLE.
1
2
3
4
1
2
3
4
D
B
C
A
VOLUNTEERS.
TORCHES.
LANTERNS.